

OTTISWOODE & HUXLEY-MARLBOROUGH
-JULY FOURTH.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT LONDON, July 6.
 "A noble life, a few flowers, and many tears—
 that is what it all comes to."

ality by one of his "instructors" who, I am told, said, and I don't know that much more need be said, and Whether Mr. Spottiswoode had fully earned the distinction of burial in Westminster Abbey is another, if not a different, question. The memorial proposing it to the Dean was signed by many of the greatest names in science, and in the social world, and its prayer could not well have been refused. Time, which tries all things, will in due course affirm or reject this, like other claims to immortality; and to this supreme arbiter the matter may well be left. "In the thronged aisles of the great church," says a writer on this morning, "were thousands who had gathered there not merely to do honor to a name, but who had more or less intimately known the man, and loved and respected him. That I apprehend expresses one part of the truth. Mr. Spottiswoode's eminence in science may or may not insure him a lasting place of glory. But he doubled the post of titles of the scientific world with other qualifications and claims of a more purely personal kind. If pure and beautiful character and a life of simple dignity and generous usefulness may be the foundation of a claim to posthumous honor, Spottiswoode's grave in Westminster Abbey is rightly placed.

present by proxy in the person of Mr. Andrew Cockrell. Members of the Royal Society in great numbers, men of rank, of letters and politics, also met in the Jerusalem Chamber, where they had been invited by the Dean to assemble at 11 o'clock, an hour before the funeral, and needlessly long before. To mention but a few, there were: Professor Huxley and Tyndall, Mr. Forster, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Joseph Hooker, Mr. Lecky, the Master of Balliol, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Mundella, Lord Salisbury, the Archbishop of York, and two Cabinet Ministers of Lord Beaconsfield's time, Sir Richard Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith. Mr. Henry Irving walked in last of all, and his presence sharpened the contrast between the funeral and the festival which a few of us had left hardly twelve hours before.

The choice of Professor Huxley by the Council of the Royal Society to succeed Mr. Spottiswoode as President was practically unanimous. It was the turn, as they say, of the natural sciences: mathematics and physics had theirs in the last election, and if the new man was to be a physiologist, Professor Huxley was indicated by natural and almost necessary selection. There is no other living authority in his own branch of investigation who fills nearly a part in public estimation. A section alone, I suppose, with Professor Owen in a controversy now, it may be hoped, pressing out of memory. Every now and then, in quarters where a suspicion of personal ill-will to Mr. Huxley abides, may be traced obscure but bitter allusions to the partly in-

Some super-foolish loyalist put in motion a rumor that this Presidency of the Royal Society was to be proffered to the Duke of Albany. Few young princes are so ill served by their friends as he. But lately they put him forward for the Viceroyalty of Canada; which there can be no reason to doubt has collected for him. It not by him, and he was

The Duke of Marlborough, who died suddenly of acute heart disease early Thursday morning, was not a great man, but he was the descendant of a great man, and he was a Duke. You may read, accordingly, to-day copious accounts of him, and it is perhaps curious to note that the one journal which gives him the foremost place in its lead columns is the organ of Liberalism. He had two or three claims on the attention of those who survive him. When Lord Blandford he passed an act for strengthening the Established Church in large towns by the subdivision of big parishes. I confess I read with some astonishment that this Act is what will cause him to be longest remembered. One must be of the Church, and devoted to the Church before all things, in order to be able to take such a view as that. The generality will remember the good Duke of Marlborough as Lord Beaconsfield's second Lieutenant of Ireland. He made a very good Viceroy in respect of the ordinary functions falling to the Queen's Representative, and he was made famous to all the world when Lord Beaconsfield addressed to "My Lord Duke" the manifesto which preceded the general election of 1880. It was in the time of his Viceroyalty that Home Rule grew to a strength which led Lord Beaconsfield to denounce it as "a danger in its ultimate results scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine."

Mr. Parnell's unscrupulous agitation had the excuse and aid of two bad harvests and much consequent distress. The Duke, and more especially the Duchesse, herself Irish by birth, a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, undertook to relieve this distress by appeals to English generosity, resulting in gifts of something like £700,000 to the people whom Mr. Godkin holds up to pity as the object of English hatred.

The American Minister and the American Consul-General both announced afternoon receptions for July Fourth. At the Consulate it may be taken to have been also a sort of house-warming for the new rooms, which are how more befitting the dignity of the Government and Nation to whose commercial interests they are supposed to give shelter. Mr. Lowell opened, not the Legation, which is too small for hospitalities, but his house in Lowndes-square, and the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to 6. Guests found themselves among a throng of their own countrymen, with here and there an Englishman who came to express his friendly respect for the United States or for her representative. There were, I believe, no celebrations or dinners. Not a few Americans accepted the Irving dinner as a sufficient substitute for the excessively prolonged festivals common on this day—the whole day. Mr. Lowell rendered to which Americans, personal and national, great communities, combine their national self-education. Lord Coleridge went so far as to say that the day was becoming more and more a British anniversary; a remark which may induce our Irish-American friends to sentence him once more to death.

G. W. S.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ABOUT A FAMOUS
FAMILY.

LONDON, July 7.

THE SERIES OF A DEVOTED WIFE.

With equal claims to love and honor, the Lady Alberta Hamilton, married, on the day her sister became Marchioness of Lansdowne, to the Marquis of Blandford, mourns an existence utterly martyred by the perversity of her husband—now Duke of Marlborough. Sister to the Marquis of Hamilton and Lordes Cland and George Hamilton, she has been a favorite, as well as a friend, to the married ladies just enumerated, and, as to her life has, for several years past, been as unhappy as it is possible to imagine. The story of it is like one of those French realistic romances in which a good woman is made to suffer every torture by a hopelessly bad one. About fifteen months after the glorious wedding day just mentioned, another wedding was solemnized. Lord Aylesford, the late Miss Williams, the pretty daughter of the late Colonel Peers Williams, of Temple House. This Colonel Peers Williams was the father of Colonel Owen Williams, between whom and Colonel "Fred" Burnaby there was to have been a lawsuit the other day touching the authorship of a paragraph sent to Mr. Yates of *The World* by an anonymous hand and by him not published. Miss Williams was referred to Colonel Williams, and this gentleman, who is still very handsome, was proclaimed as the finest crew of lady-rowers in the Thames. If the expression may be employed, they "mauned" their boat in first-rate style and were equally at home in the saddle, riding straight to hounds. Colonel Williams has been, and is, a particular friend of the Prince of Wales, and there has always been much gay company at Temple House. Lord Aylesford, very prominent at Eton, where, I fancy, as a lad who took his honors, and laid the odds on the two, was equal to any of the popular man among men and women and commenced his married life under the happiest auspices. Of his two daughters the Princess of Wales stood sponsor for a while, and all went well with the Aylesfords socially for a while.

It is, however, notorious that these young sporting lords are rarely happy with their wives. Lord Duppinn was unfortunate in this way, and presently it was found that both Lord and Lady Aylesford were singularly tragic, those of the latter being the more so, as she was a widow, and her husband was a younger son, by higher game. The testamentary of the packet of letters, said to have been written by an illustrious personage, broke upon the astonished world, and finally it was known that Lady

A MANUOVERAL DIVORCE SUIT.

In the meanwhile Lord Aylesford had tried hard to get legally rid of his wife; or, rather, this pious raid tried hard to get rid of each other. But, there is a method of proceeding in the English divorce court which provides that when two hearts are bad and both parties wicked they shall not be put to the test of a solemn examination. The Queen's Proctor, who is called the Intervention of the Queen's Proctor, who is a valuable officer. Whenever it comes to the ears of the functionary that a divorce is a "put-up job" between husband and wife, the Queen's Proctor intervenes, declares that there is collusion, and the case collapses. Also, if it is patent that both husband and wife have been leading immoral lives, the Queen's Proctor prevents either from being divorced from the other. In the Aylesford case it was notorious that man and wife were in this condition, and the Queen's Proctor would not allow the divorce to be granted, or he would have been called in. But the Queen's Proctor is not a bad man at all in the cold, but Lord Aylesford remains so to the last. He, like a rolling stone, is "all of the modern time," is the joy and delight of the Marlborough and other clubs affected by the Prince of Wales. For Lord Aylesford is eccentric and amusing, even in his cups. Partaking one day at the Marlborough

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ABOUT THREE-FOURTHS OF LAST YEAR'S CROP

In thirty years' experience I have never seen the crop so evenly distributed. Usually the crop will be heavy in certain and entirely destroyed in others, but in consequence of that this year. Where the seeds had large heavily last year there was to be seen a slight falling off the season."

"What do you think will be the amount of this year's crop?"

"I have been figuring over that subject, and as close an estimate as I can make is that 1,000,000 bushels for this year to Boston and points north and east."

"What proportion of the crop will Pennsylvania carry?"

"Probably one-fourth, while the Pennsylvania Railroad will carry the other three-fourths."

"When will the crop arrive?"

"It was never reported that any of the first ripe fruit, is small and of poor flavor, but its scarcity makes itself well. The bulk of the crop will not begin to arrive until about August 1."

"What are the prices and varieties of peaches?"

"All we receive now come in crates, holding a scant bushel and sell, according to quality, as high as \$3.50 a bushel. The varieties are Tilton's Early, Alexander's

"This is only done by beginners and small producers, because such a practice hurts a shipper's reputation and it hurts the producer's reputation. 'What becomes of the packages?' 'We return or pay for the baskets, but the crates go with the fruit.'"

A large fruit store in Broadway where the finest peaches in town are to be seen was visited.

"What do you do with them where you handle and where do they grow?" was asked.

"We only handle the finest quality. The earliest come from Georgia; they arrived this year May 18. These are the ones who are called California peaches. These we are now handling come from California. They are of yellow flesh and are called Crawford's Early and are shipped in 12 1/2 lb. boxes. They are packed in sawdust and packed in soft white paper. They are shipped in refrigerator cars from California and the packages are examined at California. They are sold at 15¢ per box. These are the new worth \$2.50 to \$5 a box depending upon quality. The first from California arrived June 20 this season. The crop in Georgia has not been so good as it was last year. In California it has been about the same as last year on top!"

THE HILLS AND WATERS NEAR BOZEMAN.
PLANTS, FISH AND SERPENT AND TROUT THAT ARE

BOZEMAN, Montana, July 8.—Here in the heart of the Rocky Mountains the Fourth of July overtook a band of scientific explorers and certain others

Mountains are piled up confusedly in every direction about the Breznana Valley, the summits of the higher peaks glittering with snow. The challenge to climb is not to be resisted. Only eight miles away towers the snow-capped, rugged, and barren peak of Mt. Belian. It rises nearly 5,000 feet above the level of the plain, and despite its rugged look the ascent is comparatively easy. But to gather Alpine flowers from among its snows and return before nightfall would occupy all the hours of a busy day even here in the heart of the mountains. The trail, which lies fourteen miles away in the Galatin range, and is said to consist of trout and water in equal proportions, is therefore selected as the point to attain, and a party of half a dozen, with a guide, is soon galloping toward the foot-hills. It is seven miles to the mountain, and the trail is a succession of steep ascents and descents, and a grand sweep of their slopes, the sense of freedom and enlargement under the spacious sky, the exhilarating motion through the upper air, all combine to make such a ride memorable to those whose senses have been schooled under strangely different influences. The delights of this new experience find expression in unutilized shouts and ges-

It is not only the larger features of the scene which are novel. The vegetation, from the grasses on which the herds of cattle are feeding to the dark forests which

Up the narrow trail the single file of stout little horses begin to climb, and the broncho blood enables them to pick their way with sure-footed ease over fallen timber and slippery rocks. A man of science whose fighting weight is 215 pounds seems a light burden for the stocky roan upon under him, and the summit of the first divide is gained with hardly a rest. It isn't much of a hill for Montana, but it is a good thousand feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington, and the view between the battlemented cliffs of Bozeman Cañon and the wider prospect along the plain to the endless mountains belt beyond all billowed like a troubled sea. The cedars and firs, and ridges, are monotonous forever to any one whose good fortune it has been to see them from the clear morning air.

It is early spring at this altitude, and near the few remaining snow patches the beautiful Western dog-tooth violet is swinging its yellow bells, strange anemones and violets are opening, and the delicate twin-flower is breathing its spicy fragrance. An amaranth or belonging to the Pacific flora, which is fruiting. In the valley, at this altitude is just the beginning of the white bloom. The cherry and cherry and the red-berried elder are in full flower, as is the mountain ash, here only a small tree or shrub but plainly more beautiful than the foreign variety so common in Eastern gardens. All the way up the slope from which the original forest has been swept away by fire stands a dense thicket of *Pinus Murrayana*, the least valuable of the pines. The fire which killed the hope of nobler growth only serves to open the tough cones of this variety and scatter its seeds over the parched ground, which in turn seems to encourage the cherry and the pine. The pine is a hardy kind, and here it is a very common example of what seems to be the general law upon which the quiver-leaf poplar at the North, the old field pine at the South, and other less desirable trees, take possession of the land from which the better stock of the forest has been driven.

From the ridge the trail leads down the face of a steep incline to the bottom of a gorge through which foams and tumbles a little stream fed by the melting

In the gloomy depths of the wood there is little undergrowth and it can be confessed that a conspicuous forest when observed from within or without sadly lacks the interest of variety. There is an unvarying repetition of the same elements, the same forms, the same textures. In the heart of these forests there is a grandeur in the trees whose trunks rise on every hand straight and tall in massive columns, and whose crowns are lost in the haze of the forest depths are most impressive. But all this becomes wearisome and oppressive at last for we want to feel and see something new, something different. The forest type of the trees rising rank above rank like an army with banners climbing the forest flanks of a mountain is not the forest we want. We want a forest that impresses the beholder with a feeling of their limitless extent, and the conquering force with which they sweep over the heights and vast distances. A forest of this kind is better adapted to give emphasis and unity to the landscape than any other type of forest. It is a forest of more varied forms of a deciduous wood. But after all we cannot help longing for the glory of the oaks and

The wood comes to an end at last on the descending slope of another mountain, and as the party one by one relieve out into the open another striking prospect bursts

REAL ESTATE FEATURES.
It is probable that there are seven or eight trout in Mystic Lake which weigh half a pound each. It is probable also that after the unaccommodating fashion of their kind they will refuse to be taken. Nevertheless they serve a worthy purpose if they allure a wanderer now and then to their alleged haunt. The traveller by

PARISIAN VIEWS OF HIS SICKNESS.
[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

universal expression of sympathy. Ultra-Radical journals bowed low to the "dying King," not so much in token of respect to the office that he has

All this was remembered by the Republicans when we were informed on Sunday night that he was at death's door, and the prayers of France were at his request demanded for him. If he had died on Monday or Tuesday there would have been a magnificent outburst of French sensibility. But he has lived on to Friday, and the doctors who met last night to consult about his state have noted improvement and opined that there is no immediate danger. A prolonged sensation does not do in this country. The mass of non-royalist Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, who were all sympathy and kind feeling on Monday, were yesterday impatient for a dénouement of some kind. To-day they are inclined to make fun of the whole thing and to adopt Rochefort's view, which is that Chambard is either dead, a *malade imaginaire*, or the tool of a parcel of knaves and intriguers. It is remarked that the bulletins sent to the *Union* and to the *Gazette de France* are not signed by a doctor or doctors, but by two young gentlemen, one of the household, Baron de Raineourt and René de Mouti, the son of Comte de Mouti, of the Legation and confidential secretary of France at London. The contradictory bulletins are also comraded and may go directly in the teeth of what Dr. de Billech and Drasche said to journalists of the *Clairon* and the *Gaulois*. These journals are Clerical and Fusionist. The Marquis de Dreuzy-Réaz has told me himself that there is no hope except by a miracle.

ured by the doctors, and only a miracle could save him. In this order of ideas pilgrimages, local and general, are being organized by his Master of the Horse, the Duc de Nemours, and the Duc de Beaufort, and pilgrimages to Lourdes, la Salette, Notre Dame de la Delivrance, St. Anne d'Auray and Notre Dame de Fourvières at Lyons. Then special masses have been celebrated in churches and publicly in the Bois de Boulogne, and the Duc de Beaufort who was brought up with the Comte de Paris, and who went on a tour round the world with three Orleans Princes, has taken a bottle of Lourdes water to the Bois de Boulogne. He is in Paris. How he must have laughed in his sleeve when he did this! He is an intelligent and agreeable seigneur. He made a fortune in the Union Generale habitee. M. de Beauvoir was his valet-chambre, and he was in Paris in that affair. He is the husband of an Austrian lady who was first married to Count Gouy d'Arcy, and who was a sister of the Duchesse Decazes, Comte de Clichy, whose daughter married the Duc de Nemours. He is the son of Christ's seamstress from a Faubourg St. Germain lady and bore it off yesterday in triumph to Frohadorf. It will be placed on the stomach and the heart of the royal patient. He is a man of good sense. He will become this way, mostly or malades against the 15th of July, that day will be spent in acts of thanksgiving by all who are on the side of throne and altar. Pail de assassins, and the Duc de Nemours will become the new Bonapartists will join in the manifestations and light parties in the churches of the Sacré Cœur, St. Clotilde and the Chapels of Notre Dame des Victoires and the Sacré Cœur de Montmartre. The Duc de Nemours and the Sacré Cœur will be greatly exalted. Should he die, the Royalists will have counted their forces at the religious services and got up for electoral ends a strong current of feeling in Legitimist and Orleanist centres against

HIS STRICTURES ON PENITENTIARY FOOD AND CELLS
DECLARED BASELESS

Inquiry was made by a **TRIBUNE** reporter a day or two ago at the office of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction in relation to the complaint of John **Seever** there that the inmates of the penitentiary, that the food served there is of an inferior quality, and not so good as that served in English prisons. The Commissioners expressed the opinion that there was no ground for the charge. Each prisoner is served on Tuesdays with coffee and bread for breakfast, soup, six ounces of beef and eight ounces of bread for dinner, and coffee and bread for supper. On Thursdays the dinner is composed of bean soup, salt beef and potatoes and other vegetables, and on Fridays fish chowder, bean soup and potatoes. **Seever** has been in charge of the penitentiary since 1875, and it was evident he ever been made. The cooking is done principally by prisoners and is said to be good.

In regard to the charge of overcrowding cells it was stated that there are only ten cells in which there are two prisoners each. In two or three of the others there is a separate cell for each prisoner, but that the average number of prisoners is increased so that it amounts to five or six to a cell, and that while there are eight feet high, six to seven feet wide, and seven feet high, in the average cell.

There are 778 convicts now confined in the penitentiary, and the complaint of overcrowding is not so much in the number of inmates as in the number of cells. The increase in the number of inmates has been confined there and the neglect of the city authorities to provide for the increase of money has caused the present difficulties promptly to appear. There are 1,368 inmates now in the new wing of the penitentiary, and the new pavilion which will accommodate about 400 persons, has been under construction for some time, but has not yet been put in use as a hospital, pantry, or kitchen.

Letters issued from the Emigration Court, **Quebec**, are still occupied by about 300 of the inmates.

DR. THOMS AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

USING NAMES WITHOUT AUTHORITY, AND LYING
ABOUT HIS LABORS.

Three hundred thousand destitute sick children have been saved during the past thirty years by this Fund, in their numerous visits to tenement houses, their excursions for sick children, their floating hospital, their floating sanitarium, their floating dispensary, their floating dispensary, their floating dispensary. Large numbers of flowers to the sick, and the society is now establishing a system of bringing the sick to the hospital, so that the sick children can have a change of air at any moment.

And, upon the sick and destitute children, we need the help that Christian sympathy and humane compassion can spare for our work.

Contributions

room temperature and saving their lives. The "large open space" turned out to be a small back yard grassed by the presence of a few stunted trees and a small plot of grass. The doctor further stated that "sometimes the children were sent into the country, but the only place he could remember that any one had actually been to was the Seaside Sanatorium at Rockaway." The subsequent inquiry from the manager of the Sanatorium at Rockaway indicated that for two years they had seen or heard nothing of the doctor or his patients, though he assured the reporter that there were from 100 to 200 patients there at any one time. The manager of the "Fund," Dr. Thoms, talked vaguely and magnificently of the instructions graciously given to the "poor" and "returning" patients, but he was unable to give any definite answer to the nature of these instructions, could only say that he told the people to keep their windows open, and that he had seen them all. He also referred to a chimerical scheme he had started which would introduce sea-water into every

AMONG THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

"We have a sort of up-and-down life," said a bronzed-faced lineman of the Western Union Telegraph

"Sometimes the wires come in contact with wood where they are tied to the insulators. This is caused frequently by careless tying on the part of the linemen and sometimes the tie gets loose. This is the most frequent cause of escapes. Another cause is the swinging of the wires. The span between two poles stretches and swings, and whenever it strikes another wire the current is lost and it becomes a difficult matter to send a message. Words and phrases are dropped out."

"How do you go to work to hunt a trouble?"

"We have to follow a wire until we find it. Say we

word that "wire 38" or some other wire is wrong. We look at our diagram and find out which insulator the wire is on. We have diagrams of every pole in the city. We know where the wires are. We discover the trouble, it requires a quick eye and long experience to hunt a trouble properly, in the city here especially, where we have some 100,000 wires on the poles. We have to follow the wire over house tops, around corners and every other way.

"You do have to climb the poles?"

"Yes, you do. Although the climbing is the easiest part of the business. But an experienced lineman can generally tell at a glance where the trouble is. He knows enough, with all there is an escape on account of improper theory, we have a good deal of difficulty."

"How do you learn the business?"

"You learn it as you are put at gang work, that is a gang of new men are put under an experienced lineman to set up new lines or to make repairs. The learn as they go. After they are out of the gang they are far enough along they are put to work in the country, and the best of them ultimately come to the city."

"What country do you go to with the wire?"

"Oh, it's a great deal easier. You see in the country there are only a few lines on a pole, and as they run along the country they are not so close together as in the city. There, though it does tell 'on a cold winter night when it's snowing and freezing hard enough to paralyze the brass mind of the man, it is a great deal easier to find the trouble in the city where the wires are as thick as pins in a pot. We have a good deal of fun with the 'plugs' when they first come to the city."

"Do you ever go to Jersey?"

"Yes, we go to Jersey to get the 'dead' wires."

"Do you find that the fire and police wires interfere with your work?"

"No, they don't. You see these fire and telephone fellows will change the wires on a pole and we very frequently find our diagrams all wrong. Then we make new diagrams."

"Ma, is Long Branch an awful dirty place?"

"Why, no, my child—what you think so?"

"Why, yes, an advertisement that says it is washed by tide twice a day."—*Hurricane* (New York)